ON AN ANTIQUE LAMP.

Doth was the pattern antique
Who molded thee in such a way
That then last night's Hookah sing,
My brother, full of Arabian song,

Does upon wings for mortal eyes
The purple dark thou did set frames
Yet more, thou fan the morning,
Here leave the light beyond the mark

Forever upwinded thy flame too,
And yet, to-to, thou mark to-day
The genius of a mortal form
Thou are the vision of the year.

—Clarence Stedman in Tinsley's Magazine.

THE ARKANSAS GIRL.

Not far from the pretty Spring river in northern Arkansas—just a little way through brambles and over a ground of broken stone that is common in the ozark foothills—the Spencers lived. They live there yet, for all I know; but it has been so long since I heard anything of them that I assume, outside, like, that they are not there now. It was before the railroad ran out a course across the northern part of Arkansas that I knew them—a simple sort of people, very like all the Ozark native. There was a girl, the child of a man of an ancient aunt or so. The boys were common types, constantly in fear of revenue officers.

The Spencers made whiskey—of that they made no secret save convicting facts. The boys were watched by officers half the time, but no evidence was ever secured against them until ten years of successful evasion of the law had elapsed. The girl—Hennie Spencer was her name—had a pretty face and willowy form, and, what is more and better, she did not have the loathsome habit of chewing snuff or "dipping" it, to use a general Arkansaw idiom. Some end of the native sons of Izard, Searcy and Fulton counties had cast sheep's eyes at Hennie more than once, but never did they receive any encouragement.

"They couldn't come 'round me," she would say disgustly. "I wouldn't have the best man alive."

Hennie was quarter than the average Arkansaw backwoods girl, not alone in the expressed determination not to get married, but in business matters she evinced a decided aptitude. Her brothers intrusted her with the secrets of their business. Hennie knew every stillhouse within all the border counties; she knew the names of the men operating them; she knew their records, their haunts and their plans of eluding the revenue laws of the land. Hennie kept the whole accounts of the Spencer still, by which she was enabled in a few moments to give a detailed statement of the indebtedness of any one of the patrons of the law violating establishment.

It was one of those chilly days that sometimes come in July, even as far south as the Ozarks. A stiff breeze blew along the Spring river valley, while clouds assumed in the southwest and threatened rain. It seemed too chilly for that, so the old natives said, but a newcomer would only look at the clouds and then look for a heavy downfall. Hennie Spencer was walking along the country road—more like a path than a road—when she met the newcomer. He was riding. There was a sharp turn in the narrow highway, and, as strange burst into view before the native girl knew of the presence of any one in the world. He sat straight in his saddle. His hat, a wide brimmed affair, shaded his eyes, but did not hide a smoothly shaven face, a good, sour mouth, a strong chin and the every trace of determination that marked each line of the countenance. A Winchester was slung across his saddle.

Hennie stepped to one side, not in fear, but with something of curiosity, like at once—instinctively, perhaps—thought that the stranger was a revenue officer.

"Good morning," saluted the rider ten seconds later. "In case of rain, where could I get shelter?"

In spite of her curiosity, the Spencer girl gave a respectful and truthful answer.

"Why, over at our house, I reckon," she said. "Tain't very far—tight over yonder."

"May I go over there with you now?" queried the young man, alighting.

"Why, of course; on'y—on'y—who are you, anyway?"

"Well, my name is Jimpson—Wood Jimpson, of St. Louis. I live up there—hey some cotton sometimes, you know, and I want to down south of Little Rock on business. Thought I'd ride back to Poplar Bluff, over in Missouri, where I'd get a train back home."

"Oh," said Hennie, "so you live up in Missouri, eh? Well, sumsuss. How big is your town?" she went on. "Anything bigger than Little Rock?"

"Ever so much larger," said Jimpson. "It's a great big town. Why, we have a brewery there 'most as big as all of Little Rock, you know."

"Oh," said Hennie again. She was interested in the newcomer. She didn't know just how, but she felt kindly toward him. He was the first man that she ever saw that she thought she could worry. Of course she thought of all these things as they walked through the woods, he leading his horse and chatting as they proceeded. Girls think lots of things that they don't put in words.

"I suppose you people down here think that every man with a gun is a revenue officer, don't you?" Jimpson asked, looking at Hennie with laughing eyes. "Out of course I know," he went on with a smile, "that you all make whisky down here."

"How do you know?" Hennie asked.

"A little bird told me that's all," said Jimpson. "A man wouldn't be worth of a man in these mountains if he didn't deal up a little moonshine, don't you know?"

It didn't rain that day. When the young girl and Jimpson reached the house, a low typical log cabin, with a big, mud plastered chimney, there was no one at home but the mother and the smallest sister. They did not look with favor on the newcomer, but the St. Louis young man talked the morning and afternoon away, so that before the sun had reddened the tops of the hills with its fading evening glory they all liked him.

He had said nothing about revealing his journey, and Hennie found that the brothers and father could not be at reality made to appreciate the "joke" man from Missouri" as were the feminine members of the household. But they were. Jimpson met the boys with a genuine, easy air, and fell at once to talking about the price of cotton in a way that disarmed any suspicion that might have possessed them. As the evening wore away Jimpson talked about hunting and fishing. It was good in that locality, so good that the men from St. Louis reached the conclusion that he would spend a week or two rambling about the hills.

"I'll be good for you," said Lige Spencer, "an we'll hunt you shoot."

"Well, I'll stay," said Jimpson, "and if I like it I'll send to Little Rock for a couple of my friends to put in their vacation here with me."

So the outing was planned. Hennie was pleased. She had grown to like the stranger in a few hours that she had known him; it was a queer sort of feeling she experienced. He was the first man she had ever seen who appeared to know how to talk. There was something open and pleasing in his face, too, any way, the simple Ozark girl liked him. She would have told him so if she had a chance. Lord! she didn't know what she had meant. Jimpson was the only man she had ever seen that she cared a rap for. She knew so much as that, but no more.

The St. Louis young man was at the Spencer cabin two weeks before he even thought that it was time to send for his friends.

"I'll stay two weeks longer," he said, "and I'll send down for Sussman and McHenry."

In the fortnight that he had spent with the Spencers he roamed about the hills for a good many miles around. Hennie went with him on most of the excursions, until one day Bob Spencer said to her:

"Look here, sis, seems to me that you're doin a right sr goldin arbout with Jimpson. You don't know nothin arbout him."

"Pope," retorted the girl, "that I'm pure' nigh sure he's all right. If I ever knowed him tryin to rest any of the boys I'd shoot him quicker'n lightnin."

Nothing more was said, for that moment Jimpson and his little Rock friends rode up. They seemed to the also fellows, although somewhat rougher in manner and speech than the young man from St. Louis. Bob Spencer shook his hand and winked at Hennie when opportunity offered. He didn't take Jimpson's refreshments.

The girl had told Jimpson about the Spencer moonshine operations. She had told him the location of every stillhouse in the three counties. Girls in Arkansas have the natural feminine instinct of telling things they ought to keep to themselves. Cousin and cousin's sweetheart stop a minute longer. There are men who speak of the infancy of the tribulativeness of women, but they are only letter day knights.

Jimpson had a wonderfully valuable collection of facts after his two weeks' stay. That is the reason he sent for his Little Rock friends. He meted them. The next day after their arrival the two got on their horses and rode away from the Spencer cabin. They said that they were going to Cronin's mill to do a little shooting. Hennie didn't believe it. Bob knew of half a dozen stills in that direction, and it at once flashed across her mind that the three strangers meant to seize them and arrest the operators.

The simple girl had talked with Jimpson the night before. They sat on a log out in front of the Spencer cabin, and the St. Louis man, like any other man would have done under the circumstances, squeezed her hand. This is the girl, mind you, who said that she would not marry the best man alive; but women, as all the world knows, are not to be held accountable for what they do or say. It remains for a woman who would not yield to the entreaties of a man who wanted a kiss, "I will not kiss any man," she said, "but if I ever get ready to compromise unsaddles lips I will look you up." "That is the same," said the sage young sense, "as if you were to proclaim that you would never fall off a horse, but in case you ever concluded such a thing you would select that roof over you."

Such is the illustration of the fallibility of the feminine mental purpose. The Ozark girl had never seen a real live man until Jimpson came along, and that is why she thought so much of him.

Ten minutes after the young man and his friends rode away Hennie went after them. She rode by another path you whether one through the woods. It would be much before they would reach the mill. If the place near that place was actual the girl conjectured that the three men, which she now felt sure were revenue officers, would work back with their prisoners, taking the other route she had proceeded. She had a pretty good gun with her. It was an old fashioned piece, but for carrying powers were good.

"If he has lied to me," she murmured as she rode along, "I'll make it mighty hot for him."

At noon she reached Cronin's mill. There was no one there. The girl jumped from her horse and led the animal through the trees to a quiet spot where the tale of strangers would not likely go. She was not far wrong in her guesses of the purposes of the St. Louis young man's visit. Jimpson led the two through the brush to the woods into the steep path that surrounded the few houses there. It did not take them long to find the stillhouse. Its door was broken down and the tile scattered. The native girl of Arkansaw passed through a patch of underwood behind which she was secreted and watched the proceedings.

As she looked at Jimpson she swung her first brown, and perhaps her only son, in man's profile. She thought then could never be a traitor; she felt in all the world. He had squeezed her hand the night before and said something about love. It seemed rather idea to little Hennie to hear him talk so to her, and now to look at him! She cried a few womanly tears as she watched the operations of those men who seized all the stills and destroyed so much of the house as they could. She dodged them away as the tin scattered the boxes and prepared to mount.

"We'll work here now," said Jimpson, "I know of several places—the second hill you get."

"What about the Spencers?" asked Brown.

"If it were not for the little girl there, don't you know," went on the orator of first St. Louisian, "I would take you this evening regardless of anything but the law."

"I'll get him for that," sobbed Hennie, going for her horse. "I'll get him, sure."

The three men rode ahead, the Arkansas girl following them at a safe distance. One still after another was demolished, any the Spencer plant being numbered. The men rode toward the Spring river, the girl some her closely after them. The revenue officers reached the edge of a cleared place and dismounted. The Spencer plant was just across the patch.

"They seem to rest the bills," said the girl, "so I'd wait here."

The tels broke into the cleared place of land and started across it. The cleaning was a bank of a mile with prolonge, and the girl knew that she could not do anything if she permitted the men to precede her, as it would be impossible for her to reach the stills the stealing behind them until they were well out of sight in the woods. In the meantime they might seize the plant and shoot her brothers. She urged her horse along, hoping to clear the clearing and meet the officers as they left the path and ride back to the woods again. The latter were slow, however, and when she got to the other side they were just starting across.

Then it was that a happy idea came across her mind. She wound back into the clearing and, if necessary, its house, shouting her brothers to come out. Her simple Ozark mind did not grasp the dangers of such a move against these armed men. She slipped from her horse, and quicker than a wink broke out of the woods. The men saw her and stopped. She turned to the house shouting and waved her hands, as if in frantic help. It flashed across the men's mind in an instant that the occupants of the house were sure Cronin's mill had returned, found their plant destroyed and at once set out to give the alarm. He pictured the words full of angry, armed moonshiners.

"Come on," he called to Brown and McHenry, and the three ran back and to the trees behind them. Then a shot rang out, the St. Louis young man dropped his gun and pulled with pain.

"I'm shot!" he cried. Then another report rang out. Jimpson's companions deserted him, and jumping astride their horses rode away. Jimpson lay on the ground with a charge of shot in his leg. It was a painful wound, but he managed to drag himself into a spot that the warm evening sun did not penetrate. As he lay there a horse neighed. It was his own. A second later another whinny sounded in answer. It came from the clearing. Jimpson turned around in time to see the Arkansaw girl dismount, panting and crying.

"I shot it," the girl, to get even. I don't care a cussed if I do. I know it, Mister Jimpson, but I'm going to lace for you, if you'll tell me at the house that I done it by—by—what do you say—accident—yes, that's what I mean."

"But I am a revenue officer," said Jimpson between groans. "What will your people say to that?"

"They never know," responded the girl.

And that is how it come to pass that Jimpson, the St. Louis man, became the lovelorn of an Ozark girl. He seemed to be a revenue officer and he was one of the most skillful moonshiners in Arkansaw. He spent the second year of his married life in the penitentiary, but after that he was never caught.—Kansas City Times.

To Gardes of Eden Now.

A little sensible the Sons of Worcester told at a recent flower service, shows how the town life entered into a child's ideas. Her pastor was telling a little girl of heaven and of the gardens of Eden, and the trees and the flowers. She cried: "Ah! but that was long ago. I suppose it is all built over by now."—London Tit-Bits.

A Bird with Fifty-Foot Wings.

Professor Ader, of Paris, an electrician of international reputation, has built a flying machine in which electrical power has play an important part. He has designed the form of a bird in his ship. The wings have a spread of fifty feet, and are made of wire covered with a silk covering. The propeller is in front. M. Ader says he has traveled several hundred feet at a distance of sixty feet from the ground; that he descend without trouble, and that he descended simply because the accumulated feeling required to keep motor was exhausted.—New York Journal.

The American Statistical association reports more than 10,000 business failures last year, of which 4 per cent were due to fraud, 18 per cent to inexperience, 21 per cent to neglect, 19 per cent to intemperate, and all the rest in a desire to make money too fast.

Minister Phelps has hopes of inducing Baron Krupp to exhibit some of his immense guns at the World's fair. Baron Krupp hesitates, for he says it will cost from $50,000 to make an exhibit creditable to his establishment.

The surveying party upon the upper Yukon river in Alaska has completed its labors, and returns to Mr. Mulrooney as soon as possible to better that it may return home on the revenue cutter Bear.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of James Martin, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned Mahala Martin, administrator of the estate of James Martin, deceased, has filed his accounts and vouchers for final settlement of said estate, and that the hearing thereof and of the application for distribution of the residue of said estate has been fixed by the order of this Court, made on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the Court House of said county, in Salt Lake City, when and where all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause why the said accounts should not be allowed and the said application granted and the said estate ordered to be distributed and the residue thereof assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

Dated September 28, 1891.

E. M. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 1-12

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Ann Cowan, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned, Mary Ann Cowan, administratrix of the estate of Mary Ann Cowan, deceased, has filed her accounts and vouchers for final settlement of said estate, and that the hearing thereof and of the application for distribution of the residue of said estate has been fixed by the order of this Court, made on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the Court House of said county, in Salt Lake City, when and where all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause why the said accounts should not be allowed and the said application granted and the said estate ordered to be distributed and the residue thereof assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

Dated September 21, 1891.

E. M. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 1-12

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Alfred H. Cowan, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of Real Estate should not be made.

MEDARIST A. CHEEV, THE ADMINISTRATOR of the estate of Alfred H. Cowan, deceased, having filed his petition for an order to sell the real estate of said deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, and the charges of administration, for the reasons and grounds set forth in said petition, and the hearing of said petition being fixed by the order of this Court, made on the 21st day of September, 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the Court House, in the County Court House, in the City of Salt Lake, in said County and State, Therefore, it is ordered, that all persons interested in said estate, be and appear before the said Probate Court, at the time and place aforesaid, and show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administrator of said deceased to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as may be necessary to pay the said debts and charges, and that a copy of this order be published in some local newspaper of general circulation, for four successive weeks, prior to the said hearing, and that the said petition and notice of the said hearing be posted in three public places in said County, to wit: in the Court House, in the City and County Building, and in the Postoffice, in said Salt Lake City, which contain the said estate.

Dated September 21, 1891.

E. M. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 1-12

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Dacey Hill Mining Company, Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 12th day of August, 1891, an assessment of Ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable to the Secretary at the office of the company, Room 5, Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of September, 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and will be sold on the 12th day of October, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

E. M. HOGEN, Secretary.

Office: Room 5, Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

The Mercury Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE.—THERE IS DELINQUENT ON the following described stock on account of assessment of ten (10) cents per share, levied on the 12th day of August, 1891, the amount opposite each name is the number of the certificate, the number of shares, and the amount due thereon, respectively, to wit:

Name.	No. of Cert.	No. of Shares.	Amount.
Chas. S. Tripp,	[illegible]	2,500	$250.00
S. F. Wilson,	47	1,000	100.00
H. G. Sage,	[illegible]	8,000	800.00
John T. Dixon,	51	1,000	100.00
L. E. Rich,	52	50	5.00
Chas. H. Dodge,	[illegible]	15,000	1,500.00
Geo. S. Fisk,	[illegible]	15,000	1,500.00
E. Kimball,	[illegible]	1,000	100.00
H. Kimball,	[illegible]	1,000	100.00
Total,	[illegible]	22,000	$2,200.00
Boston City,	114	2,000	$200.00
A. A. Harrold,	115	4,000	400.00
A. C. Harrold,	116	2,000	200.00
A. E. Spellbinder,	117	1,000	100.00
A. H. Young,	118	1,000	100.00
A. A. Lowry,	119	500	50.00
A. A. Lowry,	120	500	50.00
A. E. Wright,	121	2,000	200.00
A. E. Wright,	122	2,000	200.00
A. C. Harrold,	123	2,000	200.00
A. C. Harrold,	124	2,000	200.00
A. C. Lowry,	125	2,000	200.00
A. C. Lowry,	126	2,000	200.00
J. Barnett,	127	1,000	100.00
Total,	[illegible]	23,500	$2,350.00
T. H. Ross,	[illegible]	2,750	$275.00
C. Dole,	[illegible]	750	75.00
J. H. Hicks,	[illegible]	500	50.00
J. E. Hunt,	[illegible]	1,000	100.00
J. E. Hunt,	[illegible]	500	50.00
J. E. Farmer,	[illegible]	500	50.00
W. P. Lynn,	[illegible]	400	40.00
L. A. Duncan,	[illegible]	500	50.00
Jenny Davis,	[illegible]	500	50.00
J. Sampson,	[illegible]	500	50.00
Total,	[illegible]	7,400	$740.00

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 12th day of August, 1891, only such portions of said stock as shall be sufficient to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale, will be offered for sale at the office of the Company in Salt Lake City, Utah, Tuesday, the 3rd day of July, 1891, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. of said day.

By order of the Board of Directors.

E. M. HOGEN, Acting Secretary.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 13, 1891.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Salt Lake Mining Company, held this day, the following assessment was ordered upon the capital stock of the Company, payable on or before the 10th day of August, 1891, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room 5, Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah:

Assessment No. 1, Ten (10) cents per share.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of August, 1891, will be sold at public auction, and will be sold on the 10th day of September, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

E. M. HOGEN, Acting Secretary.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 10, 1891.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Salt Lake Mining Company, held this day, the following assessment was ordered upon the capital stock of the Company, payable on or before the 10th day of August, 1891, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room 5, Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah:

Assessment No. 2, Ten (10) cents per share.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of August, 1891, will be sold at public auction, and will be sold on the 10th day of September, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

E. M. HOGEN, Acting Secretary.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 10, 1891.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Salt Lake Mining Company, held this day, the following assessment was ordered upon the capital stock of the Company, payable on or before the 10th day of August, 1891, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room 5, Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah:

Assessment No. 3, Ten (10) cents per share.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of August, 1891, will be sold at public auction, and will be sold on the 10th day of September, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

E. M. HOGEN, Acting Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Cox, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, Executrix of the estate of John Cox, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the date of the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of her attorney, in the Commercial Block, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah Territory.

Dated August 20, 1891.

ELIZABETH A. COX,
Executrix of the estate of John Cox, deceased.
ZEMAN & ZEMAN,
Attorneys for Executrix, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1-12

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING CREAM should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. [illegible]

Are you suffering from W. L. Douglas Shoes? If not, for sale by your agent, and, rather than go without good shoes, you have taken up with some other make, call on the best shoe dealer in your town and get W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no other. If he does not keep them, he can easily get them for you. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the value received for your money. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the wear of the shoes you buy. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the style you want. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the fit you get. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the service the shoes should give you. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the money you think you should save by buying a cheap shoe. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the money you will have to pay for a shoe that will not give you the service you have a right to expect from the shoes we advertise. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in yourself for not following our advice. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the shoe we offer you. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the shoe we have been selling for years. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the shoe we guarantee to be the best shoe in the world for the money. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the shoe we have been advertising for years. Take no other. If you do, you will be disappointed in the shoe we have been selling to our customers